

*collated
&
Perfect.
J. H. 1799.*

THE
AIRS, CHORUSSES, &c.
IN
THE NEW PANTOMIME,
CALLED
HARLEQUIN CAPTIVE;
OR,
THE MAGICK FIRE.

AS PERFORMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,
At the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

The MUSICK by Mr. W. LINLEY.

THE SCENES ENTIRELY NEW,

And Painted by Mr. GREENWOOD.

The MACHINERY and DECORATIONS

By Messrs. CABANEL, JOHNSTON, and JACOBS.

The DRESSES

By Mr. JOHNSTON and Miss REIN.

First Edition.

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THE STAGE-DOOR, AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

1796.

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THE MAGIC TALK

AS TOLD BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MAGIC TALK

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HARLEQUIN CAPTIVE ;

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THE MAGICK FIRE.

THE CHARACTERS BY

Mr. Caulfield, Mr. Banks,
Mr. Boimaïson, Master Welsh,
Mr. Dubois, Mr. Fairbrother, Mr. Wathen,
Mr. Ruffel, Mr. Benson, Mr. Hollingsworth,
Mr. Burton, Mr. Phillimore, Mr. Maddocks,
Mr. Jones, Mr. Webb, Mr. Fisher,
Mr. Wentworth, Mr. Evans, Mr. Roffey,
Mr. Keys, Mr. Whitmel, Mr. Wells,
Mr. Butler, Mr. W. Banks, Mr. Nicolini,
Mr. Garman, Master Gregson, Master De Camp, &c. &c.

Miss De Camp, Miss Mellon,
Mrs. Boimaïson, Miss Heard, Mrs. Cuyler,
Mrs. Booth, Miss Tidswell, Mrs. Maddocks,
Mrs. Hedges, Mrs. Heard, Mrs. Butler,
Miss Brooker, Miss Chatterly, Mrs. Jones,
Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Brigg, Mrs. Haskey, Mrs. Barrett,
&c. &c.

THE VOCAL PARTS BY

Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Dignum,
Mr. Trueman, Mr. Danby, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Welsh.

Mrs. Bland, Miss Leak,
Miss Arne. Mrs. Bramwell, Miss Granger,
Miss Jackson, Miss Menage, Miss Stewart,
Miss Wentworth, &c.

THE MAGIC FIRE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AIRS, CHORUSSES, &c.

S C E N E I.

THE INTERIOR PART OF ORMANDINE'S CASTLE.

CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

HEAR, Minerva, Goddess, hear
Thy Vot'ries make to thee their prayer ;
From depth of woe and galling chains,
From sorrow dire and cruel pains,
From the fell Enchanter's art,
And his fatal poisonous dart,
From long and vile captivity,
Inglorious loss of liberty ;
Without thy aid in vain we cry,
Without thy aid we sink, we die.

RECIT.

RECITATIVE.

ORMANDINE.

In vain by Magick Charms I seek to quell
 The various tumults which my bosom swell;
 Still fond ideas press, and still controul,
 The rugged nature of my stubborn soul.

AIR:

ORMANDINE:

On Pleasure's wings thy life shall flee,
 My gentle spirits tending thee;
 Wide o'er the land shall wing thy way,
 As Fancy guides thee, ever gay.
 Why then should pensive thought corrode
 That bosom form'd for Love's abode?
 Why thus with anger frowns my love,
 Degrading charms, the gift of Jove?

AIR

OR, THE MAGICK FIRE.

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AIR.

COLOMBINE.

Tyrant, no more thy hateful love propose,
Which Fate wou'd wither like the new-pluck'd rose.
Thy cruel mind will e'er my soul offend,
And hate with life can only have an end.

AIR.

ORMANDINE.

No longer will I vainly woo.
Arise, revenge, my rage pursue;
Rejecting tame submission's call;
Oh! perish then thy love and all.

SCENE

HARLEQUIN CAPTIVE;

SCENE II.

A GLOOMY HALL IN THE CASTLE.

RECITATIVE.

ARIEL.

BRAVE Harlequin, behold thy Genius here,
To give thee counsel, and dispel thy fear;
Minerva well approves thy bold design;
Attend, and joyous liberty is thine.
Know—the Enchanter's pow'r remains secure.
But, while his *Fire of Magick* shall endure,
Seek then the *Chrystal Stream*, that will destroy
This powerful Spell, and give his captive joy.
No mortal hand its treasure can obtain,
Until his valour first an armour gain.

To Britain's happy isle then speed thy way;
There shalt thou find, majestic in decay,
A venerable Oak, drooping its head,
Its verdure gone, and leafy honours shed.
This shall thy future course direct—Be brave,
And from Enchantment's pow'r its victims save.

AIR.

AIR.

A R I E L.

Glory calls thee ; haste away ;
Trials must thy worth essay.
Honor points the path to Fame :
Go—and gain a hero's name.

In thy frolic sports unite
Beauty's cause: 'tis Valour's right.
Virtue's champion thou must prove,
Ere thou can'st be blest in love.

Glory calls, &c. &c.

S C E N E I I I .

A Hermitage in the Enchanted Garden.

S C E N E I V .

A View of Maffy Rocks, opening to the Sea.

The Ship sails on her Voyage.

S C E N E V

A Gloomy Hall in the Castle.

B

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

A Sea-port, with a View of Hurst-Castle.

The Ship arrives in Port.

SONG,

SAILOR.

No hardships we brave Sailors know,
We seek the glorious fight;
When honour calls our bosoms glow
With ardour to engage the foe,
That dares invade our right.

Old England's Navy is our boast,
And this each gallant Seaman's toast—
In triumph long may we maintain,
The British standard o'er the main.

II.

To quit our loves, from home to steer,
May rend our hearts with woe;
But, when we view the parting tear,
It makes our Sweethearts still more dear:
For them we strike the blow.
Old England's Navy, &c.

III.

The Guardians of our coast we ride
With proudly swelling sails;
Though press'd by foes on every side,
Triumphant on the Ocean wide,
Britannia's power prevails.
Old England's Navy, &c.

OR, THE MAGICK FIRE.

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SCENE VII.

Southampton Water Gate.

SCENE VIII.

A Village on the Mountain of Grange.

SCENE IX.

A Village.

SCENE X.

The Royal Oak Inn Yard.

SCENE XI.

The Ordinary.

SCENE XII.

The Royal Oak Inn Yard.

SCENE

SONG.

MASTER BARBER.

Behold your poor Barbers in mourning, good lack !
 Our trade being *dead*, we have all put on black.
 Our reason's a queer one for shutting our shops ;
 But our harvest is *ruin'd* by too many Crops !

CHORUS.

Then pity poor Barbers ! who shut up their shops,
 For their harvest is ruin'd by two many Crops.

II.

From Sampson's example, the learned declare,
 Men lose all their strength, when they cut off their
 hair;
 And the seat of the loss suffers most it is said,
 For Crops are uncommonly weak in the head.
 Then pity poor Barbers, &c.

III.

No tails do we tie, not a lock do we friz,
 For a curl on the pate is the stamp of a Quiz :
 E'en our razors, how long we shall use, I don't know ;
 For the maggot may bite 'em, to let their beards grow !
 Then pity poor Barbers, &c.

IV.

Unless some new rage, some new comfort shall bring,
 In a row, like our combs, we poor Barbers may swing.
 Our curling tongs useless ! we all must retire,
 For the devil an iron have we in the fire !
 Then pity poor Barbers, &c.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Keswick Town Hall.

SCENE XIV.

A Village.

SCENE XV.

The Waterfall of Ladore.

SCENE XVI.

A Lake in Cumberland.

SCENE XVII.

A View of Mountains.

The Flight of an Eagle.

SCENE XVIII.

A Farm House.

SCENE XIX.

A Park.

With the Withered Oak.

SCENE

S C E N E XX.

The Enchanted Island.

RECITATIVE.

ARIEL.

The Castle-gate, to which thou dost repair,
 By pow'rful spells too closely guarded are.
 This winding path will safely point the way,
 If no allurements do thy course betray.

AIR.

A R I E L.

In honour's path now learn to move,
 Thirsting for fair Fame and Love;
 Boldly the Magick Arts repel,
 And break the fierce Enchanter's spell.

S C E N E XXI.

The Enchanted Castle and Garden, with
 The Magick Fountain.

SCENE

OR, THE MAGICK FIRE.

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S C E N E XXII.

A Hall in the Enchanter's Castle.

S C E N E XXIII.

The Interior part of Ormandine's Castle.

S C E N E XXIV.

The Palace of Minerva.

FINALE and CHORUS.

SESTETTO.

Hail Minerva, Goddess bright!
Defending still the hero's right.
With honor's wreath adorn the brow
Of suff'ring virtue here below.

CHORUS.

Hail Minerva, &c.

SOLO.

HARLEQUIN CAPTIVE; &c.

SOLO.

May social pleasure never cloy
Hearts that feel its purest joy.

SESTETTO.

Still matchless Beauty deign to smile,
On fruitful England's happy isle.

CHORUS.

Still matchless Beauty, &c.

FINIS.

